

Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.
IRONTON, : : MISSOURI.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

Only a bank of weeds, of simple seeds,
Of sweet wild thyme and yellow, scented
Of tangled grass, and slender wind-blown
Of brown notched ferns and tall spiked fox-
glove bloom.

And yet a world of beauty gathers there,
Low twittering birds, soft scents, and colors
fair.

Only a narrow mound—a long, low mound—
Snow-covered, beneath a wintry, leaden sky.
Unit by moonlight or stars, and all around
Through bare, brown trees the night-wind
moans and sighs.

And yet a world of life lies buried there,
Passion and pain, bright hopes, and dull de-
spair.

Oh, golden bank, where sunbeams glint and
play,
Bloom out in fragrance with a hundred
flowers!

Oh, narrow mound, keep till the Judgment-
day
The mournful secrets of these hearts of
ours!

Then in God's light let joy and sorrow fade,
For near His brightness both alike are shade.

—Temple Bar.

ANECDOTES OF AUTHORS.

Cottle, in his "Life of Coleridge," re-
lates the following amusing incident:
"I led the horse to the stable, when a
fresh perplexity arose. I removed the
harness without difficulty; but after
many strenuous efforts I could not re-
move the collar. In despair I called for
assistance, when, as soon drew near.
Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity
into exercise, but after several unsuccess-
ful attempts he relinquished the
achievement as a thing altogether im-
practicable. Mr. Coleridge now tried
his hand, but showed no more grooming
skill than his predecessors: for, after
twisting the poor horse's neck almost to
strangulation and the great danger of
his eyes, he gave up the task, pronounc-
ing that the horse's head must have
grown (gout or dropsy?) since the collar
was put on; for, he said, it was "a
downright impossibility for such a huge
as frontis to pass through so narrow a
collar." Just at this instant a servant-
girl came near, and, understanding the
cause of our consternation, "La, master,"
said she, "yo' don't go about the work
in the right way; yo' should go like this,"
when, turning the collar completely up-
side down, she slipped it off in a mo-
ment, to our great humiliation and
wonderment, each satisfied afresh that
there were heights of knowledge in
the world to which we had not yet at-
tained."

We are told of Fielding's "Tom
Jones," that when the work was com-
pleted, the author, "being at the time
hard pressed for money, took it to a
second-rate publisher with the view of
selling it for what it would fetch at the
moment." He left it with the bookseller,
and called upon him next day for his
decision. The publisher hesitated, and
requested another day for consideration;
and, at parting, Fielding offered him
a manuscript for £25. On his way
home, Fielding met Thomson, the poet,
who was negotiating for the manu-
script; when Thomson, having the high
merit of the work, offered him to buy
it for £100. Fielding, however, declined,
and offered to find a better purchaser. Next
morning, Fielding hastened to his ap-
pointment with as much apprehension,
lest the bookseller should keep to his
bargain, as he had felt the day before
lest he should altogether decline it. To
the author's great joy, the ignorant
trifler in literature declined, and re-
turned the manuscript to Fielding. He
next set off with a light heart to his
friend Thomson; and the novelist and
poet then went to the great publisher
of the day, Andrew Miller, as was his
practice with works of light reading, handed
the manuscript to him by no means to let
it slip through his fingers. Miller now
invited the two friends to meet him at a
coffee-house in the Strand, where,
after dinner, the bookseller, with great
caution, offered Fielding £200 for the
manuscript. The novelist was amazed at
the largeness of the offer. "Then, my
good sir," said he, recovering him-
self from this unexpected stroke of good
fortune, "give me your hand—the book
is yours; and waiter," continued he,
"bring a couple of bottles of your best
port." Before Miller died, he had
cleared £18,000 by "Tom Jones," out
of which he generously made Fielding
various presents, to the amount of £2,000;
and when he died he bequeathed a hand-
some legacy to each of Fielding's sons.

There are some amusing stories told
of the two Sheridans, father and son.
Sheridan—probably with a view to im-
proving the financial condition of the
family—was very desirous that his son
Tom should marry a young lady of
fortune; but he knew that a Miss Cal-
lander had already won his heart. The
father, expatiating on the folly of his
son, at length broke out: "Tom, if you
marry Caroline Callander, I'll cut you
off with a shilling!"

Tom, looking maliciously at his
father, said, "Then, sir, you must bor-
row it!"

In a large party one evening, the con-
versation turned upon young men's al-
lowances at college. Tom deplored the
ill-judging parsimony of parents in that
respect.

"I am sure, Tom," said his father,
"you have no reason to complain; I al-
ways allowed you £800 a year."

"Yes, father, I confess you allowed
it; but, then, it was never paid!"

Hannah More and her sister visited
London in 1773 or 1774 and were the
guests of Garrick. They were received
with favor by Johnson, Reynolds and
Burke. Hannah More's sister has thus
described their first interview with
Johnson: "We have paid another visit
to Miss Reynolds; she had sent to en-
gage Dr. Ferrey—'Ferrey's Collection,'
now you know him—quite a sprightly
modern, instead of a rusty antique, as I
expected. He was no sooner gone than
the most amiable and obliging of women,
Miss Reynolds, ordered the coach to take
us to Dr. Johnson's very own house.
Yes, Abyssinian Johnson! Dictionary
Johnson! Rambler, Idlers and Irene
Johnson! Can you picture to yourselves
the palpitation of our hearts as we ap-
proached this mansion? The conver-
sation turned upon a new work of his

just going to the press, 'The Tour
to the Hebrides,' and his old friend
Richardson, Mrs. Williams
the b'nd poetess, who lives with him,
was introduced to us. She is engaging
in her manners, her conversation lively
and entertaining. Miss Reynolds told
the Doctor of all our rapturous exclama-
tions on the road. He shook his scienti-
fic head at Hannah, and said she was
"a silly thing." When our visit was en-
ded, he called for his hat, as it rained, to
attend us down a very long entry to our
coach, and not Rasselas could have ac-
quitted himself more *en cavalier*.

"Dr. Johnson's wig was in general
very shabby, and their fore-parts were
burned away by the near approach to the
candle which his short-sightedness re-
quired necessary in reading. At Streatham
Mr. Thrale's butler always had a
wig ready, and as Johnson passed from
the drawing-room, when dinner was an-
nounced, the servant would remove the
ordinary wig and replace it with the new
one; and this ludicrous ceremony was
performed every day."

Every body has heard of the ready wit
of Douglas Jerrold. The following are
a few specimens: "At a club of which
Jerrold was a member, a fierce Jacobite,
and a friend as fierce of the Orange
cause, were arguing noisily, and dis-
turbng less excitable conversationalists.
At length the Jacobite, a brawny Scot,
brought his fist down heavily upon the
table, and roared at his adversary: 'I
tell you what it is, sir—I spit upon your
King William!'

"The friend of the Prince of Orange
rose, and roared back to the Jacobite:
'And I, sir, spit upon your James II.'"
"Jerrold who had been listening to the
uproar in silence, hereupon rang the
bell and shouted: 'Waiter, spittons for
two!'

"At an evening party Jerrold was
looking at the dancers, when, seeing a
very tall gentleman walking with a re-
markably short lady, he said to a friend
near: 'Humph! there's the mile dancing
with the milestone!'

"Jerrold and some friends were din-
ing once at a tavern, and had a private
room; but after dinner the landlord, on
a plea that the house was partly under
repair, requested permission that a
stranger might take a chop in the
apartment at a separate table. The
company gave the required permission;
and the stranger, a man of commonplace
aspect, was brought in, ate his chop in
silence, and then fell asleep snoring so
loudly and discordantly that the con-
versation could with difficulty be carried
on. A gentleman of the party made a
noise, and the stranger, starting out of
his nap, cried out to Jerrold: 'I know
you, Mr. Jerrold—I know you; I know
you shall not make a bit of me!'

"Then don't bring your hog's head
in here," was the instant answer of the
wit."

The following is a story of Sir Walter
Scott's. The chemical philosophers,
Dr. Black and Dr. Hutton, were particu-
lar friends, though there was some-
thing extremely opposite in their exter-
nal appearance and manner. Dr.
Black spoke with the English pronun-
ciation, and with punctilious accuracy
of expression. The geologist Dr. Hut-
ton, was the very reverse of this; his
conversation was conducted in broad
phrases, expressed with a strong Scotch
accent, which often heightened the hu-
mor of what he said. It chanced that
the two doctors had held some discourse
together upon the folly of abstaining
from feeding on the testaceous creatures
of the land, while those of the sea were
considered as delicacies. Wherefore
not eat snails? They are known to be
nutritious and wholesome, and even
sanative in some cases. The epicures
of old praised them among the richest
delicacies, and the Italians still esteem
them. In short, it was determined
that a gastronomic experiment should
be made at the expense of the
snails. The snails were procured, fat-
tened for a time, and then stewed for
the benefit of the two philosophers
only; who had either invited no guests
to their banquet, or found none who re-
lished in prospect the *piece de resistance*.
A huge dish of snails was placed before
them. Philosophers are but men after
all; and the stomachs of both doctors
began to revolt against the experiment.
Nevertheless, though they looked with
disgust on the snails, they retained their
ave of each other, so that each, con-
ceiving the sensations of internal revolt
peculiar to himself, began, with infinite
exertion, to swallow in very small quan-
tities the mess which he internally
loathed. Dr. Black at length showed
the white feather, but in a very delicate
manner, as if to sound the opinion of
his messmate. "Doctor," he said in
his precise and quiet manner, "Doctor,
do you not think that they taste a little—
a very little green?" "Green!" vocifer-
ated Dr. Hutton, with a prefix we pre-
fer to omit. "Green, indeed! 'Takt
them awa, tak' them awa!" And
starting up from the table, the Doctor
gave full vent to his feelings of abhor-
rence. So ended all hopes of introduc-
ing snails into the modern *cuisine*, and
thus was shown the fact that philosophy
can no more cure nausea than honor
can set a broken limb."

The following characteristic story of
two "intellectual gladiators" is related
in "A New Spirit of the Age." "Leigh
Hunt and Carlyle were once present
among a small party of equally well
known men. It chanced that the con-
versation rested with these two, both
first-rate talkers, and the others sat,
well pleased to listen. Leigh Hunt had
said something about the island of the
Blest, or El Dorado, or the Millennium,
and was flowing on, in his bright and
hopeful way, when Carlyle dropped
some heavy tree trunk across Hunt's
pleasant stream, and barked it up with
philosophical doubts and objections at
every interval of the speaker's joyous
progress. But the irrepressible Hunt
never ceased his overflowing anticipa-
tions, nor the saturnine Carlyle his in-
finite demurs to those finite flourishes.
The listeners laughed and applauded
by turns, and pitted them against each
other, as the philosopher of Hopeful-
ness and of the Unhopeful. The con-
test continued with all that ready wit,
that mixture of pleasantry and
profoundity, that extensive knowl-
edge of books and character, with their
ready application in argument or illu-
stration, and that perfect ease and good
nature which distinguished each of these
men. The opponents were so well
matched that it was quite clear the con-

test would never come to an end by vi-
tory on either side. But the night was
far advanced, and the party broke up.
They all sallied forth; and, leaving the
close room, the candles and the argu-
ments behind them, suddenly found
themselves in the presence of a most
brilliant starlight night. They all
looked up. 'Now,' thought Hunt.
'Carlyle is done for; he can have no
answer for that! There,' he shouted,
'look up there! look at that glorious
harmony, which sings with infinite
voices an eternal song of hope in the
soul of man!'

"Carlyle looked up. The whole party
remained silent, to hear what he
would say. They began to think he
was silent at last—he was but mortal.
But out of that silence came a few low-
toned words in a broad Scotch accent.
And who on earth could have antici-
pated what the voice said? 'Eh, it is a
sad sight!'

Hunt sat down on a door-step.
They all laughed, then looked very
thoughtful, then laughed again. Finally
they bade each other 'good-night,' and
betook themselves homeward with slow
and serious pace. There might become
reason for sadness, too. That brilliant
firmament probably—we would rather
say possibly—contained infinite worlds,
each full of struggling, and suffering
beings—of beings who had to die—for
life in the stars may imply that those
bright worlds may also be full of graves;
all that life, like ours—our philosophers
seem to have ignored revelation in those
thoughts—knowing not whence it came
nor whither it goeth, and the brilliant
universe in its great movement having
perhaps no more certain knowledge of
itself nor of its ultimate destination than
hath one of the suffering specks that
compose this small spot we inherit."

—Chambers's Journal.

A Large Consignment of Silkworms' Eggs.

A consignment of silkworms' eggs,
filling six cars, and valued at \$850,000,
arrived in New York City December
19, from Yokohama by way of San
Francisco. The eggs were from Japan-
ese nurseries, and had been collected
and consigned to silk growers in France
and Italy by their agents at Yokohama.
The route followed was chosen in pre-
ference to that by the Indian Ocean and
the Suez Canal owing to the lower tem-
perature. Great care has always been
necessary by the Indian Ocean route,
and even when that was exercised, con-
signments were often spoiled by the
high temperature in doubling the
southern points of Hindoostan. The
increased number of transfers
slightly injures the eggs, but the aggre-
gate damage is considerably less by
way of New York than by way of the
Suez Canal. The eggs are packed in
cases measuring three feet in length by
about one foot in width and depth.
Each case contains about 600,000 eggs,
gummed to strips of cardboard sepa-
rated by layers of tissue paper. From
20 to 25 strips are placed in each case,
each strip containing from 30,000 to
35,000 eggs. With this simple packing
and with due precautions against mois-
ture and high temperature, these deli-
cate structures are transported three-
fourths of the distance round the earth
in perfect safety, provided always that
a moderately cold fresh air is given free
access to the quarters in which they are
stored. Heat, it is stated, produces an
immediate effect upon the development
of the larve, thus rendering it impos-
sible to deliver them in good condition
for growing.

The partial failure of the European
silk crop the past year has made an
unusual demand for Japanese eggs,
and other large consignments are antici-
pated. —Scientific American.

Cosmetics in Butter.

The mass of the people have no idea
of the extent of the artificial coloring of
butter. There is, comparatively speaking,
no butter sold in this market which is
not so colored. We do not state this
fact for the purpose of alarming the
butter-eating public, for as a rule the
coloring matter used is perfectly harm-
less, and if it does not add to the in-
trinsic value of the product, it has the
negative merit of not detracting from
the quality. The principal coloring used
is the seed of the annatto, a berry grow-
ing extensively in Brazil. It is slightly
aromatic, and is entirely harmless when
used pure. It imparts the rich golden
color to butter which consumers so much
value, and which so little pure butter
possesses. When impure annatto is
used it is not the fault of the dairyman,
but of the merchant of whom he pro-
cures it, and as the price of the pure
article is not much above the adulter-
ated, there is little or no incentive to
dishonesty in this particular. The prin-
cipal other coloring matter used is
turmeric, which is also perfectly harm-
less. —New York American.

To make the hens lay, try the effect
of giving them a warm breakfast every
morning. The feed should be corn and
oats ground together, about half and
half of each. To this add its bulk of
good sweet wheat bran or buckwheat
middlings. When milk is to be had
heat it to boiling, and scald the mess in
a stout wooden vessel, enough for one
feed at once. When milk is not to be
had, use boiling water. Stir the mess
well so as to get it all scalded. Don't
make it too wet or sticky. When cool
enough serve in shallow troughs or
similar vessels. Give as much as will
be eaten up clean. Give as much
broken oyster-shells as the hens will eat.
Suspend a cabbage within easy reach of
the fowls, they will know what to do
with it. Give fresh water an hour or so
after feeding, and at noon a sheaf of
oats or wheat; they will know what to
do with that too. At night give a
square meal of whole corn or wheat, and
more fresh water. Hens that have this
kind of management and comfortable
quarters will lay. All official bits from
the table or the kitchen, should go to
the hens. They like to pick at bones,
bits and crumbs. They like sour milk,
too. —Cor. New York Tribune.

—According to statistics, up to July
last the Methodist Episcopal Church had
96 annual conferences, 11,453 itinerant
preachers, and 1,696,837 members and
probationers. Since the organiza-
tion of the church 444 presiding elders
and 634,967 members have died.

GENERAL BREVITIES.

KING MTZKA of Central Africa has
liberated his slaves, and commanded the
observance of the Christian Sunday.
MR. GLADSTONE says: "I use the
expression 'woman' with greater sat-
isfaction than I use the name of 'h-
dies.'"

A MAN may be brave enough to walk
right up to the cannon's mouth and yet
not have the courage to hand his wife a
letter he has carried in his jacket for a
week.

The newboys of Boston had a nice
Christmas box. It is an elegant read-
ing-room with piano, books, papers,
magazines, checkers, dominoes, bag-
ette-boards, etc. There are bath-rooms
attached, and every facility for letting
the boys have a good time.

So deeply inherent is it in this life of
ours that men have to suffer for each
other's sins, so inevitably diffusive is
human suffering, that even justice
makes its victims, and we can conceive
no retribution that does not spread be-
yond its mark in pulsations of unmerited
pain.

WHEN General Grant visited Girard
College in Philadelphia, he asked one of
the instructors: "Do you allow the
boys to use tobacco?" The instructor
responded in the negative. "That's
right," said the General; "they're not
so apt to take it after they get out,
then."

DEATH was desired by a woman at
Greensboro, N. C., and she decided to
accomplish it by drowning. Clapping
the pump log, she slid slowly down into
the well. The distance was 45 feet, and
before reaching the water she evidently
repented of her act. The imprint of her
fingers and shoes shows that she
tried to stay her course; but the wood
was slippery, and she could not save herself.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA says: "The
prodigality of the Americans surprises
me. How they do throw the money!
Compared with England the cost of
living here is prodigious. Here I pay
20 cents when I want to be shaved; in
England I pay 6 cents. This is one in-
stance out of a hundred. To put the
case in a few words, a shilling in Eng-
land is a dollar in America. The as-
tounding luxury of New York bewilders
a foreigner."

EX-GOV. LELAND STANFORD of Cal-
ifornia owns a fine place at Menlo Park,
near San Francisco. Some time ago he
decided to add an extensive abutment,
setting apart a space of about 800 acres
for that purpose. He believes that the
soil and climate of California will sus-
tain a larger variety of plants than any
other in the world, and his new abutment
is intended to test the matter. His
first purchase of plants includes 5,000
varieties.

In a boarding-house recently a young
man on turning off his gas saw the
words, "Confess thy sins," in phos-
phorescent characters on the wall. He
was surprised, but listening, thought he
heard some young ladies outside the
door waiting to observe the effect on
him. So pretending to be frightened at
the match-scratch he fell on his knees,
and confessed out loud that he had fre-
quently kissed one of the young ladies
in the dark—the one whom he had best
reason to suspect of playing the trick.
That young lady won't play any more
such tricks immediately. She thinks he
is a mean, horrid thing.

Fame a Hollow Mockery.

Brother Gardner to the Limekiln
Club:

"De odder night, in de club grievin'
I heard a member of de club grievin'
'cause he wasn't a great man," said the
President as the hall grew quiet. "It
am natural 'nuff dat we should all want
to git ahead. It am not, onreasonable
in any man to want to be top of de
heap. Preachers, poets, editors an' lec-
turers all encourage us to dig 'long an'
strive to carve our names on de capu-
lin of de temple of fame. An' yet what
a hollow mockery fame am. Dar was
Shakespeare. He had de tooft-ache
same as a common man. He had his
blue days, same as de poorest white. De
rain poured down on him same as on
Samed Shin—he fell in de mud, same
as Elker Toots—his grocer wanted cash,
same as mine. Dar was Byron de poet.
His name am as high as de steeples, and
yet his corns ached, same as Waydown
Debes—butcher-carst run him down,
same as Trustee Pollback—street kyar
driving dar de bell on him, same as on
Squaw Williams. Dar was Queen Liza-
beth. She had a big palace, heaps o'
waiters and lots of cloze, but she had
big feet, got bald-headed, and couldn't
see any more of Niagara Falls for five
dollar dan my ole woman did for two
shillin'. Greatness may bring store
cloze, but it don't allus bring happi-
ness. Fame may bring a house pur-
vided wid a burglar-alarm, but de
higher de fame de higher de gas-bill.
If greatness comes, foolin' around you,
catch him by de coat-tails. If he nebbes
comes by de coat-tails, you catch him by
de coat-tails. A home—wife an' chil-
dren—plenty to eat—pew-rent paid
and a pig in de pen am good 'nuff for
any man, and he who seeks to climb
higher an' just as apt to bust his
pender-luttons as to git dar. Wid dese
few inflexions on de inconsequence of
earthly greatness, we will now disband
ourselves to business." —Detroit Free
Press.

She Visits a Printing-office.

She came into the office, smiling and
beautiful. George and she were en-
gaged, and George had a case. He had
a galley (solid nonpareil) on his frame,
which he was about to lock up and
prove. George, blushing like a girl,
shook her hand and called her his dar-
ling. She eyed the galley and smiled
sweeter than before.

"Daddy, dear," she said, still eyeing
the galley of nonpareil, "are them the
things you print with?"

"Yes, darling!" said Daddy, feel-
ingly.

She swept her taper fingers over the
matter, snubbing the entire galley.

"Bless you, my darling!" said
George, hokingly, the sweat pouring
down his face.

She looked up at him and said:
"Why, Daddy, dear, it's all so little
pieces, isn't it?"

"Yes, love," said George, gently tak-
ing her hand and leading her toward the
door. "Good bye, darling!" he
said.

"Bye-bye, Daddy; be sure you come
to-night."

"Dear me," she soliloquized, "how
George loves me! He nearly sobbed
when I touched those funny little bits of
thingummies."

George, moodily, "I wish all women
were in heaven." —Exchange.

The Polyphemus.

The Polyphemus, now being com-
pleted for commission at Chatham, England,
promises to be a complete novelty
among offensive ironclads. She is to be
built entirely of steel, and her deck is to
be covered over with three inch plating
of a convex shape. This convex curva-
ture is continued round her sides some
distance below the water line, after
which her sides converge toward her
keel, or rather to where her keel should
be in a V shape. Her midship section
will thus appear the shape of a kite, the
convex deck only rising four feet six
inches above her water line. She is two
hundred and forty feet between perpen-
diculars, the extreme breadth is forty
feet and she will have a load draught of
twenty feet. The engines are estimated
to work up to five thousand five hun-
dred horse power, and to give her a
speed of seventeen knots. What a dan-
gerous enemy she will prove is evident
from her speed alone, as her principal
means of offense are a ram or steel
spur and Whitehead torpedoes. Her
form of construction is evidently intend-
ed to enable her to escape notice, and
even when observed, to escape damage
by the deflection of shot rather than by
absolute resistance to such impact.
There is much of interest and impor-
tance in this experiment, for such indeed
it is, the vessel being constructed
after the idea of Sir George Sartorius,
a well known veteran of the navy. We
consider the Polyphemus as one of the
first attempts in construction to foil the
impact of heavy shot by diversion rather
than by the probably futile resistance
of a heavy armor plating. Another im-
portant modification has been made in
her construction to enable her to bene-
fit to the full extent by the principle of
subdivision into water-tight compart-
ments, which is particularly carried out
in her design, and on which she must
very largely rely for safety. The modifi-
cation is that an enormous mass of
cast iron ballast is carried outside the
vessel in a rectangular groove, one foot
eight inches wide and three feet deep,
situated where her keel should be. This
mass of ballast amounts to 800 tons,
her total displacement being 2,640 tons,
and represents in weight a volume of
rather more than 10,000 cubic feet.
This ballast is so arranged that it can
be released from the vessel at will, so
that, should one or more of her water-
tight compartments be pierced, the
loose ballast may be dropped from the
part of the vessel corresponding to the
flooding compartment. The position, or
power of flotation, may thus be retained
undisturbed, even after several compart-
ments may have been pierced. She
carries no masts, except for signal pur-
poses, and her guns are a few light shells
and falling guns on her upper deck.

A Picture of Edison.

The master spirit moves about busy
and commonplace. I have said before
that all study, but none divine Edison.
He has not reached his neglect air by
finding himself able to neglect appear-
ance—that shibboleth of society. He
never was a tidy man. Mind you, he is
only 31 years old, though he looks older.
You talk to him, and he answers
volubly. You scrutinize him for some
sign of the fire of his genius in his eyes.
It dawns upon you as you look at and
listen to him that you have been using a
false standard with him all the time.
You have been thinking of great writers,
great orators, great statesmen. You
have been thinking of exceptional men,
of a different order. You never trou-
bled yourself about the expression of a
steam engine or a cotton spindle. Re-
member, then, that before Edison
you are in the presence of the
greatest machine of the present genera-
tion, his brain the motor. It is the
modern fancy that the faces of the old
gods were expressionless of emotion, be-
cause they were indifferent to pain or
pleasure, simply looking straight on in
the plane of their power. Edison's face,
like theirs, is expressionless. He has the
high, full forehead of the man of brains,
the strong jaw and chin of the man of
action, the set mouth of the man of de-
termination. The nose, long and slight-
ly *retrousee*, seems to spoil the picture,
but it is a combative nose. You look to
the eyes to see those features focalizing,
as it were, but you are disappointed.
They are a shade somehow, between
light gray and light brown. You expect
them to peer into your face, but the
look is only that of calm examination
quickly concluded. He is slightly deaf,
and that, perhaps, lends something, as
has been said, to the blankness of his
shaven face. It is a flesh mask of
thought. He bends over some work as
I stand before him. The eye does not
seem to sharpen as he gazes, but a deep
vertical ridge gathers between his eye-
brows—the only indication that the busy
brain is working at its hardest again.

—New York Herald.

"Is not a large head," Alonzo
writes, "an evidence of large brains?"
Well, yes, Alonzo, it is, it is; kind of;
in a degree; oh, yes; we rather guess
you are correct; it is—only, Alonzo, it
depends a little, you know, whether the
head is on the shoulders of a man or an
ape. —Burlington Hawkeye.

For morning dress there is nothing
so pleasant to wear as the woolen pe-
kins in camelion stripes, in which
greens, blues, and dark reds are so
blended that the result is a very dark
style of coloring indeed—dark, but rich
and warm, and very pleasant to the
eye, while not apt to stain or fade.

We saw a Providence girl yesterday
who was "just as pretty as she could be,"
but, poor thing, she couldn't be very
pretty. —Boston Post.

A DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

A GENTLEMAN, Mr. Fidler, and Then Himself.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 3.—There
was one of the saddest and most terrible
double tragedies ever known to this sec-
tion at Lyons, Wayne County, this after-
noon, and the melancholy romance
clustering around the deadly deeds is
strikingly peculiar. Between 1 and 2
o'clock Miss M. Frances Hovey, daugh-
ter of Hiram Hovey, one of the most
promising merchants of Lyons, shot her
father dead and then committed the deed
which will terminate her own young
life. She had been to the Post-office and
posted two letters—one addressed to the
wife of the Rev. William Manning, of
Rochester, the other to the Rev. J. T.
Brownell, her pastor at Lyons. From
the office she went directly to her fa-
ther's hat store on Canal Street, found
the clerks and several persons in the
store, and her father occupying a chair
in the rear part. She walked up to him
and caressed him fondly, as usual, plac-
ing her hands on his head as if to stroke
tenderly away all traces of care. She
conversed with her father, asking him
gayly, "Do you want to go on a long
journey?" and joyously heard an affirma-
tive reply. She waited till the men and
boys had left the store and gone home
to dinner and elsewhere, and then, while
still fondly caressing her loving and be-
loved parent, she took a pistol from her
pocket behind his back, placed the muzzle
opposite his right temple, and fired,
lodging the bullet in his brain before
her father even suspected any thing else
than idolizing fondness from her. He
fell, and must have died within three
seconds.

Shortly afterward one of Frankie's
brothers came into the store with other
persons, and found the corpse of the fa-
ther. The brother noticed Frankie's
muff in a chair near the remains and
knew she must have been there. He
went with others up-stairs to apartments
over the store to find her. She lay in a
pool of her own blood upon the floor.
In her left hand she held a little toilet
mirror, and in her right the fatal weapon
she had used with such disastrous effects.
She had reloaded the single-barreled pis-
tol with which she shot her father, and
had taken the mirror to be sure she might
shoot herself in the same mortal spot.
This she did. There was a small bullet-
hole in her right temple, and it was
easily ascertained that the little bullet
had entered her brain. She can not
live till morning, and has been wholly
unconscious from the first. She was a
bright, lovely girl, 27 years old, and
most highly esteemed for womanly vir-
tues and gentleness of nature. Her
father was 57 years old, and was one of
the oldest residents and merchants of
Lyons. Besides a widowed mother, one
daughter and three sons survive. The
tragic affair itself, aside from the sad
wedding day was set. The wedding
was betrothed to Eugene Rains, brother
of the State Senator from this district.
Her father had opposed the match until
he saw his daughter's permanent happi-
ness concerned, then consented, and the
wedding day was set. The wedding
was married to-day, and that fact prob-
ably fixed the date of the terrible deeds
committed. In October Eugene Rains
committed suicide in a remote part of
Louisiana, and ever since she learned of
his death Frankie has seemed to regard
her father's former opposition to the
marriage as the cause of Eugene's sui-
cide. This hallucination made her a
recognized monomaniac, though her
symptoms were not regarded as more
serious than those of deeply disappoint-
ed love. She said, only a few days ago,
she never wished to outlive her father,
and never would. In the letter she
wrote to her pastor before the tragedy
to-day she conveyed the impression that
it must appear to others that she was
the cause of Eugene's death in some way.
She wrote that her father had been al-
ways more than kind to her, and said
she was his Christmas present, as she
became his infant daughter Christmas
Eve. "Father," she said, "it is not to
blame for my trouble," and added to
her pastor: "Can you wonder, though,
that I feel as if it were not myself who
committed the terrible sin?" These
significant words may have a bearing
upon the suicidal insanity of both her-
self and her affianced husband.

The Little Mother.